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VOL. 40—No. 42.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

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M^{ISS} LASCELLES will Sing "LOVE IS A GENTLE, GENTLE THING," from Howard Glover's popular Operetta of "Once too often," at Brixton, on the 22nd inst.

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SLEEP AND THE PAST. Canzonet. The Poetry by HARRIET POWER. The Music by J. P. KNIGHT. 3s.

MY GENTLE ELODIE. Romanza. The Poetry by Mrs. CRAWFORD. The Music by EDWARD LAND. 3s.

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"The above are a few of the prettiest vocal pieces that have appeared during the past publishing season. They are all by well-known and popular composers, of whose talents they are agreeable specimens. Balfé's French romance is in his happiest vein. Our countryman has successfully contended with the Parisian composers on their own ground—witness the reception of his fine operas, *Les Quatre Fils Aymon* and *Le Puits d'Amour*, at the Opéra Comique; and in the little song before us he shows how entirely he is at home in the French style. It is tender and passionate, with that infusion of graceful lightness and gaiety which gives the French poetry and music of this class their peculiar charm. Signor Gardoni has sung it in public with delicious effect; but it by no means requires the aid of such a singer to make it charming. Mr. Alfred Mellon's ballad is worthy of that able and eminent musician. The melody is simple and natural, without being trite or commonplace; and the whole composition shows that new and striking effects of modulation and harmony may be produced without setting at defiance (as is too often done) the established principles and rules of art.—Few vocal pieces of the present time have obtained greater popularity than Herr Reichardt's song, 'Thou art so near,' not only in English, but (by means of its German and French versions) all over the Continent. His new production, 'Memory,' is of a similar character, and bids fair to have a similar success. Mr. Desmond Ryan's verses are elegant, and Reichardt has united them to a melody at once pure, simple, and expressive. Signor Pinsetti's ballad, 'Hast thou no tear for me?' has been recommended to the attention of the public by the pleasing performance of Mr. Tennant, for whom it was written, and by whom it has been sung at many of the best concerts of the season. Signor Pinsetti, an Italian, has produced an air of Italian grace and beauty, while he has entirely avoided the faults into which foreign composers so often fall in setting English words to music. The melody not only expresses the sentiment conveyed by the poetry, but does not present a single misplaced emphasis or accent—a most important requisite in vocal music. Mr. Knight's canzonet is melodious, flowing, and extremely well fitted for a mezzo-soprano or contralto voice. There is a flaw in one place which dims the clearness of the harmony. In bar 8, page 2, G flat in the melody is accompanied by E natural in the bass, creating a diminished third (or tenth)—an interval very rarely allowed, and not, we think, in the present case. There is much that is masterly in Mr. Land's romanza, and Mr. Santley, for whom it was composed, has sung it with deserved success. We could have wished it had been a little less elaborate; that the flow of the melody had been less disturbed by extraneous modulation; and that the pianoforte accompaniment had been lighter and less loaded with notes. It is a fine song, nevertheless, and not unworthy of the author's well-merited reputation."—*The Press*.

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4. "Norma," dedicated to the pupils of Miss Gilbertson ...	4 0
5. "Oberon," dedicated to Miss Parkes ...	4 0
6. "Martha," dedicated to Miss Frances Gurney ...	4 0

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REVIEWS.

"The Curfew." Words by LONGFELLOW; Music by Mrs. CUNNINGHAM SMITH. (Paterson and Sons.)

The following interesting communication, from Professor Longfellow himself, is as good and just a criticism as could be written about Mrs. Cunningham Smith's very graceful and expressive setting of his beautiful words:—

"Cambridge, Jan. 9, 1862.

"DEAR MADAM,—I hope you will pardon me for this long delay in answering your friendly note, and in thanking you for the music you were so kind as to forward to me. Having no one in the house who could play it, or sing it to me, I have been obliged to wait a long while for a chance to hear it; and even now I have not heard it sung—only played; so that it remains still a voiceless song to me. The music seems to me very sweet, with a solemn and pathetic toll in it, well adapted to the subject. When you write to your sister, I beg you to tell her how much gratified I am by this mark of regard for anything I have written; and, with my thanks, give her also my compliments on her success. I remain, dear Madam, yours very truly,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

What more need be added to so hearty and (as we have hinted) well-deserved a tribute?

"The Wanderer's Welcome." Words by C. SMALLFIELD; Music by JOSEPH MCKEWAN. (W. Blagrove.)

"The Fairy Exile's Lament." Words by *Ibid*; Music by *Ibid*. (*Ibid*.)

Mr. McKewan is evidently a good musician. He has, moreover, a laudable ambition; and there is merit in both these songs, besides that of their being written with unimpeachable correctness. "The Wanderer's Welcome," a kind of *scena*, shows good knowledge of accompanied recitative, and contains an *allegretto* in B major (12-8 time), which is distinguished alike by melody and expression. "The Fairy Exile's Lament," as well as being intrinsically attractive, is set off with a showy *obligato* accompaniment, which may be entrusted either to oboe or violin. For ourselves we should vote for the latter. Both songs are extremely well harmonised.

"The Viceroy of Egypt's March." Composed by ELLEN L. GLASEOCK. (Metzler & Co.)

A very spirited march, and appropriately inscribed to the illustrious African potentate, whose name it bears, and whose portrait is on the title-page.

"O Stars of Silence." Words by SHIRLEY BROOKS; Music by CAROLINE ADELAIDE DANCE. (Rob. W. Ollivier.)

"The Syren River." Words by GERALD MASSEY; Music by CAROLINE ADELAIDE DANCE. (Same publisher.)

Miss Dance—who writes gracefully and with excellent taste, as usual—is fortunate in her poets. We should like to quote both songs, but space only permitting of one being absorbed into our columns, we must select that of Mr Shirley Brooks:—

"Stars, O Stars of silence!
O Gems in crystal blue,
Is it vainly, is it vainly
That love looks upon you?
Since hearts have learned to throb,
Since hearts have learned to pine,
O Stars, O Stars of silence!
Love has worshipped at your shrine.

"Through your mystic dances,
O'er the vault on high,
Stray the lover's fancies,—
Breathes the lover's sigh.
But more sweetly glistens
Your soft beam the while,
Yonder dear one listens
With her star-bright smile."

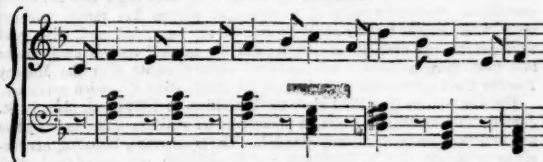
Miss Dance has been peculiarly happy in her setting of these unaffectedly beautiful lines; nor has she failed to do justice to the verses of Mr. Gerald Massey. We can unreservedly commend both songs.

"A walk through Nottingham." Words and Music by JAMES TONGUE. (James Tongue.)

Here is poetry of another kind. Take a stanza for example:—

"A lovely view of Nottingham is down from Wilford Hills,
Then on the London Road to go unto the Railway Bridge,
And on to Fishergate you go, and then to Carlton Hill,
And there you'll see a lovely sight that you'll not forget;
Then on the Queen's Walk I love to go to view the meadows so gaily, oh!"

The music is composed of an uninterrupted succession of consecutive fifths and octaves. Take one instance:—



We presume this song was concocted for a joke. We cannot think it a funny one.

MARIO.

(Illustrated Times.)

Signor Mario has signed a contract for Paris, and will appear at the French Opera ("Théâtre de l'Opéra," as it is now called). The musicians and amateurs of the French capital are said to be delighted at the thought of hearing once more the tenor who is still decidedly the greatest of all tenors living, and who, for some years past, has never sung anywhere continuously, except in London. Judged by the standard of absolute perfection, Signor Mario's voice certainly leaves much to be desired. But his manner of singing is admirable, and he has a natural manly tone which is quite wanting in most tenors—indeed, all other tenors of the present day, including even the accomplished Signor Tamberlik of the powerful throat and tremulous voice. We are glad that Signor Mario has been engaged for rather a long term at Paris, where it will be seen that he will obtain a triumphant success, because the habitual grumblers of London are fond of saying that this unrivalled singer is over-appreciated by the English public, that he "would not do abroad," &c. The question that ought to be considered is, not whether Signor Mario is the best of all possible tenors, past and future; but simply whether he is not decidedly the best tenor on the stage. Perhaps the people of Berlin prefer Herr Wachtel? If so (which we doubt), they have Herr Wachtel, and are welcome to him. But we are quite sure that the people of Vienna do not prefer their tenor of the coming season, Signor Giuglini, nor the people of St. Petersburg theirs, Signor Tamberlik, to the tenor whom all candid and unprejudiced persons in London and Paris, whether musicians or not, delight to hear and to applaud. Let us put one inquiry to our musical grumblers. If there are tenors hidden somewhere in Italy, who are superior to Mario, or to Tamberlik and Giuglini, why are they not discovered and brought into general European notice? A speculator could make a little fortune by engaging an unknown tenor in Italy, on his own account, at a very small salary, and re-engaging him to an operatic manager in London, Paris, or St. Petersburg, at a very large one. Moreover, English, French, and Russian agents are constantly employed in visiting the land of tenors, to see whether a new Mario can be found. Hitherto the search has not been successful. Mario is to make his first appearance (or rather reappearance) at the Théâtre de l'Opéra on the 15th of next month, either in *Le Comte Ory*, or *Les Huguenots*. It was at this theatre (called at that time the Académie Royale) that he commenced his operatic career, in 1838. "It was on the 30th of November, 1838," says the French theatrical journal the *Entr'acte*, in noticing the event, "that the young and brilliant Viscount di Candia made his first appearance on the stage under the name of Mario." Two years before he had become attached to the Opera as a pupil. His success as a singer had attracted the attention of M. Duponchel, then the director of the Opera, who was eager to attach him to the theatre, and allowed a pension of 1500*fr.* a month all the time he followed the classes of Penchard and Bordoni at the Conservatoire. He made his *début* in *Robert le Diable*. Meyerbeer had added an air in the second act expressly for him. His success was complete. Mario did not agree with the director, M. Pillet, and quitted the Opera in 1841. At his farewell representation he sang the second act of *William Tell*, and the third and fourth act of *Les Huguenots*. He was engaged immediately afterwards at the Salle Ventadour (Italian Opera), and every one knows how rapid and brilliant his success was in the Italian repertory.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The Monday Popular Concerts have commenced this autumn a month earlier than usual, for reasons not difficult to guess. The director—Mr. S. Arthur Chappell—no doubt in an amiable spirit of philanthropy, wishes to afford our foreign and country visitors, still attracted by the inexhaustible riches of the International Exhibition, an idea of what kind of quartet and sonata playing may be heard in London. He could not have begun his fifth season under luckier auspices. Herr Joseph Joachim being still in England, Mr. Chappell has secured the assistance of the greatest artist of the day. Signor Piatti, too, the violoncellist without peer, was at hand; and with those excellent English players, Messrs. Carrodus and H. Webb, for second violin and viola, a quartet *sans tache* (*unbefleckt*) might be relied upon. Then, for the pianoforte sonata there was M. Charles Hallé, one of Beethoven's most eager and redoubted champions. Such a company of instrumental players has rarely (perhaps never) been brought together at this season of the year; but zeal, with good management, sets obstacles at naught; and our musical readers need not be told that more uniformly well-conducted entertainments than the Monday Popular Concerts were never devised for the gratification of London amateurs.

The first concert (the 103d since the institution, in 1859) took place in St. James's Hall, on Monday night, in presence of an audience quite as attentive and able to appreciate as it was crowded. The programme, including masterpieces by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, was one of the best on record—so judiciously made out, indeed, and in all respects so interesting, that we are induced to quote it:—

PART I.

Quartet in D minor (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts) ...	Haydn.
Cradle-song, "Sleep thou infant angel" ...	Glinka.
Song "Paga fui" ...	Winter.
Sonata in D major, pianoforte solo ...	Mozart.

PART II.

Grand Overture, in E flat, Op. 20, for four Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos ...	Mendelssohn.
Songs, "Who is Sylvia?" "Hark, hark, the lark" ...	Schubert.
Song, "The Savoyard's Song" ...	Mendelssohn.
Duet, "Puro ciel" ...	Paer.
Sonata, in G, Op. 30, for Pianoforte and Violin ...	Beethoven.

Conductor—Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

Some German critic is reported to have said that when the name of Haydn ceased to be exhibited in the programmes of classical concerts he would take up his pen and write "The Epitaph of Music." This enthusiastic gentleman need be under no apprehension, however, about the continued popularity of a man capable of writing such a quartet as the one introduced by Herr Joachim on the occasion under notice. In this work (belonging to the famous set which contains the quartet with variations on the "Austrian Hymn," and in some others, while strongly influenced by the later music of Mozart, Haydn seems to have foreshadowed one peculiarity of the many-sided Beethoven—that playful fancy which, in the composer of the *Pastoral Symphony*, so frequently assumes the character of absolute caprice, without venturing upon the domain of eccentricity. This is visible in the *trio* of the minuet—the minuet itself, a "canon on the octave," belonging, like the first *allegro*, more essentially to the style of Mozart—and here and there in the final *rondo*. The graceful *andante* (with variations) shows Haydn most unreservedly himself, which by no means renders it the least agreeable and charming feature of the quartet. A finer performance than that of MM. Joachim, Carrodus, Webb, and Piatti, would scarcely have been possible. Herr Joachim seems to play Haydn with a gusto not less hearty and genuine than the sympathy that distinguishes his readings of the masters of his especial predilection—J. S. Bach and Beethoven. The quartet was heard throughout with intense satisfaction, every movement being loudly applauded, and the *andante* redemanded, though the compliment was prudently declined. In this instance the "first time of performance has small chance of being the last." The Quartet in D minor will unquestionably soon be heard of again. Mozart's sonata—clear and transparent, melodious and full of ingenious contrivance—can hardly be cited as an advance upon the quartet of Haydn, which, on the whole, must be acknowledged a work of a higher cast. Mr. Hallé's playing was artistic and masterly, as usual. The Sonata in D major, however, has been twice heard already at the Monday Popular Concerts, and from the same expert hands; it is enough, therefore, to add that it was received with the accustomed favour. The fact of a piece of such chaste and unobtrusive beauty depending for effect upon the unaided efforts of a single performer, and producing, in a vast music hall, a lively impression upon an audience of not far short of 2,000 persons, is one of those "signs of the times" unmistakably declaring the progress of taste among us. True, the Music-master—like the "schoolmaster," when Lord Brougham first addressed the multitude on the inestimable advantages of education—is now effectually "abroad."

Mendelssohn's *Otello* (with all deference to the illustrious names of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven) was the conspicuous feature of the evening. It appears almost incredible that a work so large in design, so elaborately filled out, so ripe in scholarship, so crowded with ideas, as new as they are beautiful, should have fallen from the unpractised pen of a youth of fifteen. This was, nevertheless, the case. The *Otello* preceded the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by something like two years; and we have no hesitation in saying that its composition at so early an age is a feat to which the history of

the musical art affords no parallel. Nearly 40 years have elapsed since it was first tried in Berlin, at the house where Mendelssohn's family resided; and the universal esteem in which it is now held by musicians and cultivated amateurs is a proof that its merits are genuine—independent, in short, of the extraordinary incidents connected with its production. The first *allegro* exhibits the lofty aspiration and powerful grasp of Beethoven himself; the slow movement, the romantic feeling, and the *scherso* the bright and sparkling fancy so peculiarly the attributes of Mendelssohn; the *finale*, the skilful contrivance and contrapuntal freedom of Mozart. Nothing, indeed, but a certain diffuseness—the offspring chiefly of what a German critic might denominate "a genial striving upwards," impelled, too, by an inordinately rich invention—proclaims it the work of a young and comparatively inexperienced musician; and such is the charm which genius has thrown over every part, that even this very diffuseness exercises a potent spell, no lover of Mendelssohn's music being at all disposed to see a single bar curtailed. This was not the first time of the *Otello* being heard at the Monday Popular Concerts; but it was the first time with Herr Joachim as leader; a circumstance which invested the performance with twofold attraction. Never did the Hungarian violinist play with greater fire and enthusiasm, never with greater judgment and expression (witness the exquisite reading of the *andante*), never (the fairy-like *scherso*, for example) with greater delicacy. The quartet of performers already named were supported in the *Otello* by MM. Wiener, Watson, Hann, and Pague. The execution—with a trifling exception or so, to signalise which would be hypercritical—was the finest we remember. Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, on their respective instruments, constituted the "Alpha and Omega" of musical excellence. The pedestal was worthy of the statue. From first to last the performance was listened to with breathless interest, and movement after movement rapturously applauded. The success was, in a word, "colossal." It is only in the non-operative season that the director of these entertainments is enabled to assemble together so many competent executants as are required for pieces demanding such exceptional means; and the announcement of others of the same kind during the autumn series (including one of Spohr's double-quartets, the Septets of Beethoven and Hummel, &c.), shows that Mr. Chappell intends to let his patrons profit by the advantages just now at his disposal.

The last instrumental piece—the sonata in G (Op. 30), by Beethoven, for pianoforte and violin—a particular favorite at the Monday Popular Concerts—was given with wonderful "brio" by MM. Hallé and Joachim, and kept the interest of the great majority of the audience alive to the end. The vocal music afforded a pleasing variety. The plaintive cradle-song of Glinka (extremely well sung by Miss Banks) was a welcome novelty—a step, too, in the right direction. The vocal music of "the Russian Mozart" is a mine well worth exploring. Miss Banks was no less successful in Schubert's beautiful settings of Shakspeare—the last of which ("Hark, hark, the lark") was encored; while the rich *contralto* voice of Miss Lascelles was favourably displayed in the canonet of Winter (who, more than any other composer, knew how to imitate, while diluting, Mozart), and in the quaint "Savoyard's Song" of Mendelssohn. The graceful *nocturno* of Paer—Rossini's predecessor, as manager of the Opera Italian, and Cherubini's as "principal" of the Conservatoire, in Paris—united the voices and talents of the two young ladies with pleasing effect. Mr. Lindsay Sloper, who (in the absence of Mr. Benedict) occupied the post of conductor, accompanied the vocal pieces to perfection. At the next Concert (October 20), Spohr's magnificent double-quartet, in E minor, is to be one of the principal attractions, and Mr. Sloper will play one of the sonatas of Beethoven.

BERLIN.—The birthday of Queen Augusta was celebrated at the Royal Opera House by Weber's "Jubel Overture," a prologue by Adami, spoken by Herr Berndal, and *Nurmahal*, which last, on account of the opportunity it affords for scenic display, is frequently selected for festival performances. The principal parts were ably represented by Mdles. Lucca, De Ahna, and Herr Woworsky. A young lady of the name of Moser has appeared as "Matilda," in *Guillaume Tell*; but, though possessing a fine voice and a pleasing exterior, failed from want of a musical training. On the sixth inst., the centenary celebration of the first performance of Gluck's *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* took place before a crowded house. The following is a chronological list of the performances of this opera in Berlin:—1808, April 20th, first time; for the benefit of Mdme. Schiek. 1808, three times.—"Orpheus," Herr Eunike; "Eurydice," Mdme. Schiek; "Amor," Mdme. Schiek (afterwards "Frau von Schätzel.") 1818, three times.—Herr Stümer, Mdme. Miller, Mdle. Eunike. 1819, once.—Herr Stümer, Mdme. Miller, Mdle. Eunike. 1821, twice, in Italian.—Mdme. Borgondio, Mdme. Seidler, Mdle. Eunike. 1841, twice.—Mdle. Hänel, Mdle. Hedwig Schulze, Mdle. Tuezeck. 1854, four times.—Mdle. Wagner, Mdme. Köster, Mdle. Tuezeck. 1855, three times.—Mdle. Wagner, Mdme. Köster, Mdle. Tuezeck. 1856, four times.—Mdle. Wagner, Mdme. Köster, Mdle. Tuezeck. 1857, three times.—Mdle. Wagner, Mdme. Köster, Mdle. Tuezeck. 1858, twice.—Mdle. Wagner, Mdme. Köster, Mdle. Tuezeck. 1859, four times.—Mdle. Wagner, Mdme. Köster, Mdle. Tuezeck. 1860, three times.—Mdle. Wagner, Mdme. Köster, Mdle. Tuezeck. 1861, twice.—Mdle. Wagner, Mdme. Köster, Mdle. Tuezeck.

MOZART'S MASSES.

From the *Deutsche Musik Zeitung*.

These peculiar compositions have in the course of time experienced very different judgments, favorable and unfavorable. The Protestant North knows them only fragmentarily, under the form of German Cantatas, in which single numbers out of them have been employed. The questionable propriety of this transplanting of such products from the mother soil of a special *cultus*, has already been alluded to by Otto Jahn, and by Mendelssohn in his Travelling Letters. The choir directors of Catholic Germany held these Masses, overflowing with fresh and genial originality, especially the smaller ones among them, in uncommonly high esteem, because they offered some alternation to their Sunday repertory, selected for the most part from dry, mechanical contrapuntists, while the other great masters wrote only *Solemn Masses*. The uneducated portion of the church public, choosing the better part, were wont on entering the church to put themselves at once in immediate relation with the good God. The degree of their edification was not at all dependent on the greater or less perfection of the church music, which, absolutely inaccessible to their understanding, made a mere ringing in their heads. Art-loving visitors of churches—a smaller and smaller handful—took about the same delight in the Masses of Joseph and Michael Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., as in the church paintings, yielding passively and simply to their influence, and receiving more or less religious edification, though neither seeking nor avoiding it directly. This quiet circle has of late years found a harmless gratification much embittered. Critical knowledge, in its ceaseless and impartial progress, has at length got possession of it. In the plastic arts, the conflict (never quite intolerable) between the claims of religion and the laws and consistencies of Art on the one hand, and between these and the pretensions and encroachments of strong artistic individualities on the other, has at length yielded to at least a tolerable compromise; while in the domain of church music the most heterogeneous extremes of our time have come to such confusion of parties, that it all seems like a set-to in the dark, where you hear the blows, without seeing whether they fall on friend or foe. In such a state of things it is dangerous even to venture upon this uncertain field; and doubly so to advocate a genius like Mozart, who just now has the current of the times somewhat against him, besides the existence of wide-spread and deep-rooted prejudices against his church compositions as such. It would seem most advisable to ignore the controversy about the genuine church style, and to consider these works of Mozart, in more than one respect so interesting, not so much from the strictly religious and church stand-point, but rather from the stand-point of humanity and Art. That this may remain as free and unprejudiced as possible, it is well to premise the following general considerations founded upon facts.

When Leopold Mozart became aware of the unexampled musical talents of his son, two principal ways stood open to him for the foundation of his future. He could educate him for the Opera, where so many a composer had won fame and money—even wealth, like Gluck; or for the music of the church, where he might find in one of the numerous chapels of that time a subsistence, modest indeed, but secure against the capricious moods of fashionable taste. Worldly wise as he was, the thoughtful father chose both; and while his gifted son, almost in his child shoes, was putting the Italians in raptures by his operas, he made him go through an *uninterrupted course of the severest studies*, even beyond his twentieth year, in the department of church music;—studies to which, and to his deeply grounded knowledge in this difficult department, Mozart himself could point with just pride in his applications to the Emperor Leopold and the Vienna potentates.

When Mozart wrote his Masses, he was—Jahn has collected incontestable proofs of it—not only a pure and spotless youth in body and in soul, but also, what must not be overlooked, a *strictly believing, devout Catholic*. In a letter to his father he almost indignantly repels the doubt whether he goes regularly to confession; and he writes from Paris, that, after the successful result of his concert, he had offered up to God the promised wreath of roses, and then could take an ice-cream in the Palais Royal with some satisfaction. Even in his ripened manhood he dismisses the remarks of his Leipsic friends about unsuitable Catholic church texts with evident ill-humor, and with the words: "You Protestants have no conception what one feels in these things, having sucked in impressions with milk from childhood; you have no conception what I feel, when I write down: "*Benedictus, qui venit*," or "*Agnus Dei, miserere*."

Whoever hears in mind such decisive moments as the above will not wonder if, on closer examination, he should find these much decried works to be far better than their reputation; if he should find in them, at almost every step, a harmonic and contrapuntal art, astonishing considering at so youthful an age, depth of religious feeling and a grace in the expression of it, which remind one of Raphael, who in his heart and soul bore such affinity to Mozart. Even from a more rigorous church point of view, these Masses, in comparison with the *Missa solemnes* of his followers, down to the most modern, have far greater strictness and compactness. As with the older masters, so in them, even in the last ones, which otherwise are treated in a far freer manner, the whole power resides in the four vocal parts, and in the great art with which these are carried on together or contrasted. The single short solos, with the exception of the last Mass, which is also an exception in other respects, are either contrapuntally absorbed by the accompaniment, or show an uncommon plainness

and simplicity, disfigured by no coquetish ornaments. The violins (the viola is found only in the B flat Mass, and there perhaps as a later edition) remain, in spite of their sometimes very ingenious treatment, closely adhering to the vocal quartet, merely accompanying, filling it out, or serving as a relief to it by imitation or antithesis. The wind instruments are few, and, with the exception of the above named Mass, are employed only as *ripieno*, never as *concerted* parts, as they were sometimes even by the severe Michael Haydn. How modestly Mozart dealt with the wind instruments is shown by the fact, that in two of the engraved Masses some instruments are added by the publishers, to bring out more effective tone-colours.

As these considerations explain the excellences of Mozart's Masses, so the following may, if not excuse, at least account for their faults. It is well known that *Mozart wrote them under the cramping influence of the Archbishop Jerome*. Of course it would be ridiculous to assume that the influence of this coarse patron, who knew not how to prize or recognize his own good fortune in commanding such a genius, extended also to their style and inward structure. Two small, though excellent Masses of Joseph Haydn show the greatest affinity with some of Mozart's, and even these, although they all originated under Jerome, pass gradually over from the severe style to the beautiful and finally to the "gallant;" but without this, the archbishop's contemptuous treatment of the aspiring youth, as well as his stupid fixing of a certain time, which was not to be exceeded in these church compositions, were clogging chains enough, since genius for its free unfolding needs above all two things: encouragement and an open path. A further difficulty, and none of the smallest, when Mozart entered upon church music, lay in *his own nature*! The question generally how such extraordinary artist natures, like Mozart and others, stand related to religion and religious Art, is one which, for reasons above indicated, can only be touched upon here in passing.

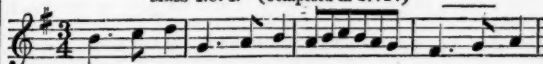
If on the one hand Art, for the very reason that it is divine, has always found the worthiest goal for its exertion and the full satisfaction of its ambition only in divine things; and if religion, heathen as well as Christian, has found its greatest glorification through the greatest minds; so on the other hand it cannot be denied that these overruling coryphaeus of Art, on entering the religious field, brought with them there not merely the manifold requirements of the fine arts, but also their own sharply marked artistic individuality; so that in the work, which they produced on this field the religious criterion *alone* does not suffice to measure them correctly on all sides. Pious works strictly speaking, where no side influence disturbs the devotion, are not so much the production of these great original geniuses, as they are of less pretentious talents of the second rank; and therefore he who in art seeks merely edification or pursues hierarchical ends, will find more that is to his purpose in Michael Haydn than in his more gifted brother, or than in Mozart or Beethoven,—more in the paintings of Francia or Perugino than in those of Raphael, Titian or Michael Angelo. Finally, we must not overlook the fact, that these Masses are not sufficient to enable us to judge what Mozart could do in the province of church music, or to compare what he has done with the achievements of others. For while we recognise the depth and marvellous prematurity of his talent, it is yet clearly evident in these works, apart from their date—they were nearly all composed between his 15th and 20th year, and even the last two great Masses in C appeared before *Idomeneo*—that *they were written by one who was becoming, not by one who had become, a finished artist*.

While the first Masses show a decided leaning toward older masters and traditional forms, the later ones resemble bold, but dangerous, and by no means always successful attempts, quitting the common travelled paths—he returned to them again afterwards in a remarkable manner in his *Requiem*—to found for himself a new and peculiar church style, relying solely on his own artistic individuality, and guided by his instinct of the beautiful, which however does not seem in this field to have been a quite unquestionable guide. This change of artistic views, which took place so rapidly in the young master, lends a peculiar interest to the Masses, and at the same time furnishes a motive for the following classification of them, which appears the less forced, since it coincides for the most part with their progressive dates of origin.

A. IN STRICT STYLE.

a. *Missa breves*.

MASS NO. I. (Composed in 1772?)



Ky - ri - e, &c.

Leaving out those Masses which Mozart wrote in his boyhood, and which for the most part are only known by their first bars, as they are found among his remains in André's possession, we commence the series of those which have acquired currency with this one, which, although its date cannot be precisely established, seems by its style to be one of the oldest. It goes under Mozart's name in the thematic catalogue of A. Fuchs; Jahn, on the contrary, denies that it is by him. There are reasons both for and against. A certain smallness of conception and timidity of execution; the want of that inward fire peculiar to Mozart, and here and there a too old-fashioned simple-heartedness and *naïveté*, excite serious doubts. But on the other side, in the "*Quoniam tu solus*" and in the "*Dona nobis*," it shows so striking an analogy with the Mass in F which immediately follows, and which is certainly genuine, the

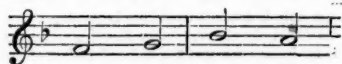
autograph existing at Gratz, that these doubts partially vanish again. It certainly is not, as Jahn thinks, worked up in a light and careless manner, but in technical respects is fully worthy of Mozart. The first eight introductory measures of the "Kyrie," the "Qui tollis," and particularly the difficult setting of the "Credo" reveal the master. But above all the "Laudamus te," in the "Gloria," might decide the point. Who among the Austrian composers at that time, except Mozart, could have written this "Laudamus," which has to find its equal in purity of feeling and in gracious loveliness of expression.

MASS No. II. (Comp. 1774).



(Originally set only for four voice parts, two violins and organ; the Prague edition containing instrumental additions by another hand).

This mass is known and celebrated, but not of equal worth in every number. Before all, the "Kyrie" astonishes us, not by the contrapuntal art, which here as in the whole Mass reveals itself in stern severity, but by a surprising grandeur of conception, by that surpassing certainty and repose of the complete master (incomprehensible in the youth of eighteen), under whose hands these stiff contrapuntal masses moulded themselves like soft wax into noble forms. The "Gloria" and "Credo" do not share this grand and dignified simplicity; but then they are worked with such refinement of art, bordering almost on ostentation, and therefore are so difficult to execute, that this Mass, like No. III, becomes the test of a good choir (*Cupelle*). In the "Credo," admirable in its way Mozart's favorite theme:—



—which he often used, and finally in the C major* Symphony, as one of the four leading subjects of the *Finale*—runs through the whole piece, giving it unity; while the continual recurrence of the words "Credo," "Credo," set to the above four notes, lends it the expression of firm faith in a very ingenious manner. The rest of this Mass, composed so evidently *con amore* in the first three numbers, is much more briefly executed, as if under a pressure to get to the end quickly; doubtless in consequence of the Archbishop's order, which shows itself in this distinguished work in all its stupidity. The accompanying violin figures in the "Agnus" impress upon the piece a peculiar stamp of dreary hopelessness, of a repentance which almost despairs. The "Dona nobis" has the noble simplicity of the "Kyrie" without its grandeur; but through the *crescendo* and *decrecendo* of the voice parts, which, although not marked, lies in the movement of the melody, it has an admirable expression of longing prayer for peace, entirely suited to the words—supposing the *allegro* to be taken in the true church tempo (which was much slower than these things are usually sung in our day). What a pity that some trivial ornaments disturb the effect so much towards the close!

(To be Continued.)

THALBERG AND SPARK.

(From the Leeds Mercury, Oct. 16.)

The great pianist and composer having expressed a wish to hear the grand organ in our Town Hall, Dr. Spark attended yesterday morning, and gave a private performance of six pieces to M. Thalberg and a select company of connoisseurs. M. Thalberg applauded each of the pieces, and expressed to the Town Clerk, Mr. John Hopkinson, and others who were present, his great delight with the organ and the performance. At the conclusion, we are informed, he publicly stated to Dr. Spark that he had never heard any other performer, excepting Adolphe Hesse, the great German organist, who had so gratified him on the King of Instruments, and he then spontaneously wrote the following, which he gave to the Town Clerk:—

"I have been exceedingly pleased with the organ at Leeds, and consider it one of the best I ever heard. I may add that it is beautifully played by Dr. Spark.

Leeds, Oct. 15 1862.

"S. THALBERG."

M. Thalberg afterwards played some time on the organ himself, expressing his pleasure at the tone, as he tried the stops separately and in combination. He also said that the full power of the organ was "all music—nothing noisy—but a grand tone." We are quite sure that these sentiments by such a musician as Thalberg will afford great satisfaction to the Town Council and our townspeople generally.

* "Jupiter."

THE FISHERMAN'S BOAT.

BARCAROLO.*

I.

The morning breaks so cold and grey,
As gliding o'er the silvery spray,
Behind far leaving beach and bay,
The Fisherman's boat goes fast:
The morning breeze blows cold and bleak,
Wildly butting 'gainst crag and peak,
As the Fisherman with ruddy cheeks
His nets in the surging billows cast.
Watching his prey
'Neath the bright spray,
The Fisherman's life passes freely and gay.

II.

Good casting it is, now he hauls up the lot,
And, smiling, looks into the waves where he got
That goodly rich meal for his bairns in yon cot.
He stands on the rock where the wild winds roam;
Then casting his net, and hauling once more—
Hurrah! here again is a fair golden store:
With bright eye and smiles he looks 'wards the shore,
And thinks of the dear ones anxious at home.

III.

The day's fare's won,
And homeward he rows,
Till the red sun
To his home brightly goes;
And when the last ray lingers faint in the deep,
The Fisherman's boat will again softly creep,
O'er the still wavelets, gently 'tis bourne,
Seeking the treasures left from the morn.

E. WILLIS FLETCHER.

MODERN ENGLISH DRAMA—"It is useless," says *The Literary Budget*, "any longer to lament the decay of English drama. Jeremiahs will not revive it. Our dramatists are either plagiarists or mere punsters—our actors of necessity are reduced to a similar level. This is an unfortunate state of affairs in the country where drama once reached its culminating point. Literature varies with society: it would be wholly vain to attempt to revive the glory and power of the Elizabethan drama—or even the easy wit of that which was commenced with Wycherley and ended with Sheridan. Still, our theatres are susceptible of some slight improvement; and some visits which we have lately made to one or two of them prompt us to make a few suggestions." [We have no room for the "suggestions." Ed.]

THE DRAMA IN AUSTRALIA (*Melbourne, Aug. 26*).—There has been plenty of novelty in the theatrical world. Mr. Barry Sullivan, the tragedian, who lately arrived, has made his appearance at the Royal, in *Hamlet*, *Richieu*, and *Richard III.* He has been far from successful, partially owing, no doubt, to the wretchedly insufficient company with which he has been supported, mainly to the injudicious manner in which he has been be-puffed. The company which had been got together to support him is, perhaps, the worst ever assembled on a Melbourne stage, and everything has been carried out by the lessee, Mr. J. H. Witton, in so miserably a manner, that his comparative failure was all but assured. Mr. Sullivan had not played for a week till the theatre was all but empty, and so disgusted was that gentleman with his reception that he, on one occasion, came before the foot-lights and accused the press with "caballing" against him. Some newspapers, which did not bespatter the management with sycophantic and undeserved praise, were cut off the "free list." Efforts are to be made, however, to re-infuse the company, otherwise nothing but a career of failure for Mr. Sullivan may be anticipated. At the Princess's "The Midsummer Night's Dream" has been revived with great scenic effects, and has proved so decided a success that frequently money has had to be refused at the doors. In the course of another month the Haymarket, a new theatre, will be opened. Miss Aitken, a Scottish tragedienne, has arrived, and will make her *début* to-morrow evening.

PH. EMANUEL BACH often suffered from rheumatism. One day, being again subject to a severe attack, he wrote a *fantasia*, as the best means to forget the pain. He used to call this composition *Fantasia in torment*. There are a good many pieces of this class, by other authors, in existence, with this difference, that while Bach found relief in his music, their's is only fit to torment others.

* For Music.

A LETTER FROM MENDELSSOHN.

(ADDRESSED TO HIS SISTER.)

Rome, Nov. 16, 1830.

Dear Fanny—Day before yesterday no post went, and I could not talk with you; and if I thought how the letter would have to remain by me a couple of days before it could go off, it was impossible for me to write. And so I have thought many times of you, have wished all happiness for you and us, and have rejoiced that you were born so and so many years ago; it is such a support to think what reasonable people there are in the world. But you are one of them; continue bright, and clear, and sound, and do not alter much; you do not need to grow much better; may your good luck be faithful to you;—these are about my birthday wishes. For that I should wish you any sort of musical ideas, is not at all to be presumed by a man of my calibre. You are really insatiable, that you complain of the want of such; *per Bacco*, if you had the impulse, you would compose what you have in you; and if you have not the impulse, why take on so terribly? If I had my child to fondle, I would write no score; and since I have composed "*Non Nobis*," I cannot, unfortunately, carry my nephew round in my arms. But seriously,—the child is not yet half a year old, and you already would have other ideas, than of Sebastian* (not Bach!). Rejoice that you have him; music only keeps away because there is actually no room for her, and I do not wonder that you are no unnatural mother (*Rabenmutter*). I wish you, though, for your birthday whatsoever your heart desires; so I will wish you also half a dozen melodies; but my wishing will be no help.

Here in Rome we have so celebrated the 14th of November, that the heavens put on their blue and festal garb, and sent us down a beautiful warm air. Then we went very comfortably to the Capitol to church, and heard a wretched sermon by Herr—who may be a right good man, but who to me always preaches very grimly; and if any one can fret me in the church on such a day, on the Capitol, he must take special pains for it. Afterwards I went to Bunsen, who had just arrived. He and his wife received me full of friendliness, and there was much that was fine, and there was politics, and regret that you had not come.

Apropos: my favorite work, which I am now studying, is "*Lili's Menagerie*," by Goethe; particularly three passages; "*Kehr ich mich um, und brumm*;" then "*eh la menotte*," &c.; and especially "*die ganze Luft ist warm, ist blüthevoll*," where the clarinets would have to come in decidedly; I will make a *scherzo* for a symphony out of it.

Yesterday noon at Bunsen's there was among others a German musician; O God, O God, I wished I were a Frenchman! The musician said to me: "One has to handle music every day." Why? answered I, and that took him all aback. Then he went on to talk of earnest striving; and how, after all, Spohr had no earnest striving; but how he had clearly seen an earnest striving shine through my "*Tu es Petrus*." If there had been a hare on the table, I should have devoured it while he talked; as it was, I made macaroni answer. But the fellow has a little estate at Frascati, and is just now thinking of giving up music; if one had only got as far as that! After dinner came Catel, Eggers, Senf, Wolf, another painter, two more painters, and still more. I had to play the piano too, and they wanted things by Sebastian Bach; these I played them in rich measure, and had much success in it. So too I had to give a distinct description of the entire performance of the "*Passion*" music, for they seemed to me scarcely to believe in it. Bunsen possesses the piano score; he has shown it to the singers of the Papal chapel, and they have declared, before witnesses, that such music is not to be executed by human voices. I believe the contrary.

Trautwein is publishing the "*Passion*" according to St. John, in score; perhaps I will have made me for Paris some shirt buttons *à la Back*. To-day Bunsen is going to take me to Bains, whom he has not seen for a whole year, because Bains never goes out, except to hear confession. I rejoice in him, and I propose to myself to get as closely acquainted with him as possible, since he can solve me many a riddle. The old Santini is still always obligingness itself. If I praise a piece in the evening in company, or do not know one, the next morning he knocks very gently and brings me the piece wrapped up in his little blue pocket-handkerchief; in return for which I accompany him home of evenings, and we are very fond of one another. He even brought me his eight-part "*Tu Deum*" and begged me to correct some modulations in it; it keeps too uniformly in G major; I will see then if I can introduce a bit of A minor or E minor.

I only wish now to become acquainted with a good many Italians; for a *maestro* of San Giovanni Laterano, whose daughters are musical, but not pretty, and at whose house I have been introduced, will tell me nothing. If you can send me any letters, do so; for as I work in the morning, see and admire at noon, and so pass the day till sunset, I should like to move about in the evening in the Roman world. My friendly Englishmen from Venice have arrived; Lord Harrowby passes the winter here with his family; the Schadows, Bunsens, Tippel-

kirches receive every evening; in short I have no lack of acquaintances, only I should like also to know the Italians.

The present which I have prepared for you this time, dear Fanny, for your birthday, is a psalm for chorus and orchestra: "*Non Nobis Domine*"; you know the song already. An air occurs in it which has a good conclusion, and the last chorus will please you, I hope. Next week there will be an opportunity, I hear, and then I will send it to you along with much other new music. Now I will finish the Overture, and then, God willing, go at the Symphony. A Pianoforte Concerto too, which I should like to write for Paris, begins to haunt my head. God grant success and happy times, and we will yet enjoy them. Farewell and prosper.

FELIX.

DRESDEN.—The course of six Subscription Concerts given by the Hof-Capelle commence on the 28th inst. Among the novelties promised, are R. Schumann's Symphony in E flat; W. H. Weit's Symphony in E minor; Handel's *Water Music*; A Comedy-overture by J. Rietz; A Concert-overture by A. Rubinstein; and the overture to *Medea*, by Bargiel. In addition to the foregoing compositions, the programme will include, Spohr's Double Symphony for two Orchestras: "*Irdisches und Göttliches im Menschenleben*," as well as two fragments: A "Love Scene," and "Queen Mab," from Berdoy's *Roméo et Juliette*. On the 28th inst., Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* was given with the old and lower pitch; both singers and orchestra gained greatly by the change. Whether the same would be the case with modern operas composed for the higher pitch is a matter of doubt. Several conductors from other parts of Germany had accepted an invitation to attend. Among them were Herr Abt, of Brunswick; Herr Thiele, of Dessau; Herr Scholz, of Hanover; Herr Reis, of Cassel; Herr Riccais, of Leipsic; and Herren Taubert and Door, of Berlin.—A new one-act opéra: *Das Rosenmädchen*, by Herr Louis Schubert, has been produced with considerable success.

BERLIN.—(Extract from a letter.)—The Singacademie is rehearsing Wilsing's psalm, "*De Profundis*." This work, composed ten years ago, is a curious example of earnest religious devotion and artistic elaboration combined. Only a thorough artistic hand and the most arduous labor could have carried out so difficult an undertaking, the propositions of which, with the themes, and their contrapuntal development in sixteen parts (quadruple chorus and full band) are so extensive. Robert Schumann considered this superior to all modern sacred compositions, and called it a master piece, deserving to rank with the creations of J. S. Bach. (†) The Singacademie will execute in a becoming manner the difficult task it has undertaken. [Herr Wilsing seems to be a sort of Teutonic Raimondi.—Ed.]

COLOGNE.—The new Stadttheater, although not absolutely larger than the old theatre, will contain a greater number of persons in the boxes and pit. It will now accommodate an audience of about 1,700. The part of the house before the curtain presents a very cheerful appearance, being decorated in white and gold, with a red back-ground. The mechanical arrangements of the stage have been carried out under the direction of Herr Carl Brand, machinist of the Darmstadt Theatre. The scenery is painted by Herr Martin, of the Theatre Royal, Hanover, Herr Schwedler, of the Grand Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt, and Herr Hansmann, of Dusseldorf. The company engaged by Herr L'Arronge is very numerous, and contains several artists favorably known to fame.

MOZART'S FIGARO.—It is said in Leipzig that the original manuscript score of Mozart's *Figaro* is now at Dresden, in the hands of a gentleman prepared to prove its pedigree. It has been examined, "they say," by more than one authority, competent to speak, who are disposed to admit its authenticity, and describe the variations from the text at present known as characteristic and interesting. The proprietor is disposed to part with it, placing on it, we hear, the same price as that given for the manuscript of *Don Juan*, by Madame Viardot.—*Athenæum*.

MOZART'S RELATIONS.—There are still seven relatives of Mozart living; Josefa Lange, Mrs. von Forster, the brothers and sisters Pumpel, at Feldkirch in Tyrol, three girls (seamstresses), and two boys (one a watchman and the other a bookbinder journeyman). They are the children of Marie Anna Pumpel, born Mozart from Augsburg, a granddaughter of the brother of Leopold Mozart, father of the composer.

UNKNOWN WORKS OF SCHILLER.—A little comedy by Schiller, the very existence of which had been carefully concealed by its owner—hitherto unpublished—has come to light, and is in the hands of his surviving daughter, with a view to its being given to the public.

STUTTGART.—On the king's birthday, Herr Eckert's new opera, *Wühelm von Oranion* was performed for the first time.

THERE are 28 singing clubs and three societies for instrumental purposes, with 1737 members, in Frankfurt on Maine, in Germany.

* The child's name.

* £200. Our British Museum authorities refused to entertain the purchase!

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

One Hundred and Fourth Concert.

ON MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 20, 1862.

SECOND APPEARANCE

OF

HERR JOACHIM.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- QUARTET, in B flat (No. 3, Op. 54), for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello ... Haydn.
 SONG, "Young Agnes, beautiful flower." (*Fra Diavolo*) ... Auber.
 CRADLE-SONG, "Sleep, thou infant Angel." (By desire) ... Glinka.
 SONATA, in E minor, Op. 90 (No. 27 of Mr. Hallé's edition) for Pianoforte solo ... Beethoven.

PART II.

- DOUBLE QUARTET, in E minor, Op. 87, No. 3, for four Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos ... Spohr.
 SONG, "Elly Mavrounen." (*Lily of Kilarnay*) ... Benedict.
 PRELUDE AND FUGUE, in G minor, for Violin solo ... Bach.
 SONG, "O'er the bright flood" ... Schubert.
 TRIO, in E flat, Op. 93, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello ... Hummel.

To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

NOTICE.

It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

Between the last vocal piece and the Trio for the Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, an interval of five minutes will be allowed.

The Concert will finish before half-past Ten o'Clock.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co. 50 New Bond Street; and the principal Music-sellers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DANTESQUE.—Our correspondent is almost, but not exactly right. The couplet goes:—

"Ma quella reverenza, che s'indonna
Di tutto me, pur per Be, e per Ica."

It alludes of course to Bice or Beatrice Portinari.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but no later. Payment on delivery.

TERMS { Two lines and under ... 2s. 6d.
 Every additional 10 words ... 6d.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforth be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

OUR readers will not have forgotten that a large number of Mendelssohn's compositions, including the Symphony in D (the "Reformation Symphony"), to which some interesting allusions are made in his recently published *Travelling Letters*, still exist in manuscript. They are now, we believe, in the possession of the family, and the majority of them in England. We have by no means altered the opinion we felt bound to express some years since—when the question was first discussed, and when the dilatory and apathetic proceedings of the four Leipsic professors* entrusted with the important charge of preparing them for publication were frequently dwelt upon—that these compositions, at the death of their author, should have been, as a matter of course, given to the world, with all the information as to dates of production, &c., indispensable to a proper understanding and appreciation of their value as stepping-stones, or stages, in the intellectual progress of a great genius. On the contrary, we adhere to it pertinaciously, and believe that the arguments adduced in favor of speedy, if not immediate, publication were unanswerable. Nevertheless, in deference to M^{me}. Mendelssohn—who experienced, we have reason to believe, considerable annoyance on the part of a certain self-glorifying clique of quasi-reviewers, quasi-musicians, in North Germany (the "Mutual Adoration Society," as an American composer happily christened them), and whose anxious tenderness for her immortal husband's fame was deserving of all sympathy—we, and others who share our opinion, refrained from further advocacy of a cause which, at the same time, we could not but regard as sacred; nor are we just at present—although the lamented death of M^{me}. Mendelssohn has snatched from the hands of our opponents their only legitimate controversial weapon—about to resume it. On the other hand, we cannot forbear protesting against a paragraph contained in a recent impression of *The Athenæum*, the musical editor of which literary journal has more than once reproved in unmeasured terms the desire of amateurs and musicians, more enthusiastic about Mendelssohn than himself, to see and become acquainted with all that Mendelssohn had left behind him. Not only was their very natural wish denounced as impatient, but they were twitted with hankering after dead men's wares, with prying into dead men's secrets; and this in a tone of oracular authority, before which, although long familiar to readers of *The Athenæum* in particular, the musical world in general has not yet learned to quail. What, then, are we to think of the subjoined (*Athenæum*, Oct. 11th):—

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—In the thematic catalogue of Mendelssohn's works, drawn out in his own beautiful handwriting, those who inspected it while in London might well be tantalised by the sight of a double pianoforte Concerto, if not two, figuring in the list of works never given by him to the press. Chance has enabled us to speak of one of these. Our admiration of Mendelssohn's tact and sagacity has been confirmed by the satisfaction of a natural curiosity. Interesting though it be to trace an artist's mind and fancy through the stages of their progress, the work, considered without such a motive, is one the publication of which was discreetly withheld. It is discreetly written (for neither as boy nor as man could Mendelssohn be ever careless), but it shows not a sign of the author of the Midsummer Night's Dream music—not one of the writer of the Pianoforte Quartet in B minor; both of the above works of his youth. On the contrary, it is rather à la Mozart without Mozart's grace and spontaneous flow of melody; regular in its construction, with few touches of individuality—briefly, weak, and tedious.

* M. M. Moscheles, Rietz, David, and Hauptmann.

It would appear from this piece of "gossip" that the critic of *The Athenæum* has actually done that which in others he would have condemned as sheer impertinence. He has availed himself of an advantage, which, in mere consistency, he should have disdained. He has obtained access to the MSS. of the dead composer, and indulged in the very "hankering" he formerly held up to reprobation. We need not inquire *what* was the "chance" that gave him admittance to these treasures. No doubt he asked to be allowed to see them, and was politely granted his request by those in whose custody they are kept. For this, however, we absolve him heartily. He has condoned the absurdity of his former arguments by gracefully eating his own words. In short, we envy him the privilege it has been his good fortune to enjoy. But here, however inclined to be charitable, we must stop. It was in questionable taste, having been allowed such a privilege (more especially taking the past into consideration), to boast of it in print; but this is by no means the worst part of the business. To boast of having seen these much coveted MSS. was merely to tell the readers of *The Athenæum* that *The Athenæum* had access everywhere. The lyre of that Orpheus was irresistible. It would be a passport even to the infernal regions, where, if its possessor wished to rummage over the unpublished songs of Nero or Domitian, he might accomplish his soul's desire. But granted the free entry of *The Athenæum* to all quarters—even to dead men's portfolios—the exercise of such a privilege imperatively demands a certain reticence, not to say discretion. In the instance under consideration, however, we regret to find this wholly unobserved. Questionable as the taste of informing his readers that he had been allowed to examine Mendelssohn's forbidden papers, it becomes venial, nay, almost amiable, by the side of the further use to which the critic of *The Athenæum* has turned his "chance."

If the works are not fit for publication, they ought surely to be held exempt from public criticism,—and more emphatically so when that criticism is unfavorable. Yet not only is the musical community warned off from the precious documents, to sigh after which is impertinence, or something worse; they are absolutely bound to accept the verdict of a gentleman, who, by some means, has obtained the access denied to themselves, and to endorse a sentence which consigns the MSS. henceforth and for ever, to the *index expurgatorius*. Now we beg leave to say, in the name of the musical world (of England at all events), that the musical world is inclined to do nothing of the sort; that nobody would ever have dreamed of leaving the decision of so important a matter to the critic of *The Athenæum*, or indeed, to any other single gentleman, however large his professed "admiration for Mendelssohn's tact and sagacity." A much higher authority, an authority universally acknowledged competent, would alone satisfy those who know how much thought was expended by Mendelssohn, even upon his least ambitious works; and were such an authority at hand, we still greatly doubt whether its judgment would meet with anything like unanimous acceptance. Besides, what proof have we that the critic of *The Athenæum* is able to read a full score with such facility as to help him to a sound opinion? Where are his credentials? Before we succumb to a decision, put forth with flippant self-sufficiency, in some half dozen sentences, and thereby virtually set at rest a question that interests, and must continue to interest, every lover of music, we have surely a right to ask for these. No credentials, no security. But seriously—whether the critic of *The Athenæum* can read a score or

not; whether he be right or wrong, about the "double-pianoforte-concerto," as he styles it; whether the "double pianoforte concerto" be "discreetly written," or indiscreetly written, *à la* Mozart, or not *à la* Mozart, "briefly, weak, and tedious," or, (which is more likely to be the case), "briefly," neither weak nor tedious, the question remains precisely where it stood. One thing may be taken for granted:—it is not within the province of an *Athenæum* to settle it, either one way or the other.

THE Monday Popular Concerts are gradually rendering Beethoven's quartets as familiar to our musical amateurs as the plays of Shakspeare to the lovers of theatrical entertainments. The first six, and even the three dedicated to Count, or Prince, Rasoumofsky, are already so well known that preferences have begun to be established for one quartet over its immediate fellow—and *vice versa*. The time is equally at hand for the general appreciation of Nos. 10 and 11, and, as a natural sequence, for the so-called "Posthumous." The few observations we have to make at present, however, relate exclusively to the first and most widely appreciated set—the six quartets, Op. 18, inscribed by the illustrious musician to his friend and constant patron, Prince Lobkowitz, Duke of Raudwitz.

The published order of these quartets is not that in which they were written; the one in F major, which stands first in the printed editions, being third according to the date of the manuscript; while the one in D major, which comes down to us as "No. 3," ranks "No. 1," according to the same authority. It is somewhat remarkable that two of the least pretending as to style, and least elaborate as to construction and detail, among these six masterpieces—viz., the A major (with the popular variations), and the B flat major—should have been last in the order of production—Nos. 5 and 6; nor is it less worthy of note, that the most admirable, beautiful, and thoroughly *original* of the set (original, notwithstanding that the spirit of Mozart is clearly reflected in the principal theme, and in certain other passages of the opening movement)—viz., the one in D major—should (not even excepting the quartet in F major, with its superb *adagio*) have preceded them all in the design of the composer. The first three quartets in Op. 18, (D major, G major, and F major) were engraved and printed before the others—about 1801, if the journals of the time may be credited (some years previous to the early *Fidelio*; or, according to the original German title, *Eleonore, oder die cherliche Liebe*) and therefore during the most fresh and vigorous period of Beethoven's productive career, just in the advance of that which gave the *Eroica* Symphony and the "Rasoumofsky" Quartets to the world, when the composer, still young, entirely freed from the influence of his once favorite model, laid the solid foundation of what has been designated his "second manner," and of his future renown as the Colossus of instrumental music.

The "model," to whom allusion has been made was, of course, Mozart—the only composer with whose music even the earliest productions of Beethoven can be said to present any marked features in common. The Six Quartets, Op. 18, which belong exclusively to the so-styled "first manner," have often been compared with the set of six composed by Mozart, and dedicated to his illustrious friend and affectionate rival (his predecessor, contemporary, and survivor), Haydn. The comparison, whatever stipulations may be made, is not without good show of reason. Before Beethoven was entirely and unreservedly Beethoven, Mozart was not only his

pattern, but his idol. For Haydn, although he studied with him some time, he entertained no very deep or hearty sympathy; and, except, perhaps, in their orchestral symphonies in C and D major, their pianoforte sonatas in C minor, and their concertos for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments in C major and C minor (in which a very strong affinity is evident), nowhere do Mozart and Beethoven more nearly approach each other than in the six quartets respectively dedicated by either master to Haydn and Prince Lobkowitz. The Quartet in G major is the least elaborate of Beethoven's Op. 18; but so ceaseless is its flow of melody, so spontaneous even the most quiet and unpretending of its themes, so neat, compact, and ingenious the structure of every movement, that, as a work of art, it yields to none of its five companions. It is a highly-finished cabinet picture, the more to be prized as one of the very rare exemplifications of absolute repose and unclouded serenity to be found scattered throughout the rich catalogue of Beethoven's productions. On the other hand—as was once suggested of its companions in A and B flat major—notwithstanding its comparative simplicity, its *almost* Haydnesque *scherzo* and *trio* (*almost*—for Beethoven can never quite put on the wig of "Papa Haydn"), and other ingenious, not to say *primitive* features, the entire work, from the first bar of the first movement to the last of the *finale*, reveals the independent spirit of the "immeasurably rich musician," whose inexhaustible invention and ever-active fancy never permitted him to borrow ideas from the intellectual storehouses of others, but to the end supplied him with abundant materials for the exercise of his art. Beethoven is Beethoven, even when shaking hands with Mozart across their admitted art-frontiers; and what is more, even when joining in the cheerful laugh of Haydn, and, with resolute (if not heavier) step, emulating that genial master in the measured pace and staid progressions of the minuet.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I do not, by any means, take part in the astonishment at the success of the Monday Popular Concerts, which is the stock-in-trade of most reporters of musical matters. There can be no surer mode of attracting an audience than by announcing performances of the works of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; and no surer way of gratifying it than by committing their performance to Herr Joachim, Mr. Sinton, Mr. Webb, Signor Piatti, Mons. Paque, Mdle. Arabella Goddard, Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and others of the highest class of executants, with which this generation is singularly blessed. The popularity of the art of music, and of the Monday Popular Concerts, or of any institution conducted with equal zeal and conscientiousness, is part and parcel of our much boasted civilization, and needs no wonderment, but hearty appreciation and enjoyment.

The pleasant geniality of Haydn's mind was well shown at the first concert of the present season, by the quartet in D minor, more especially in the *andante* and *finale*. The beauty and power of the first *allegro* rise beyond Haydn's ordinary level, and distinctly show the influence of his great contemporary, Mozart. The quartet, too, was magnificently given, the grandeur of Herr Joachim's playing, his wonderful grasp of the composer's intention, his command of tone, and his passionate expression, being exhibited in every bar. The Sonata in D major, in which Mr. Hallé has already been heard more than once, is one of the most admirable of all the pianoforte works, numerous as they are, of the com-

poser. The *brío* and dash of the first movement, and the quiet beauty of the *adagio*, are entirely Mozartean; while the last movement shows his fertility and inimitable genius still more forcibly.

After these two works, the *Otello* of Mendelssohn was doubly welcome, the expectation and enjoyment of the audience being by this time raised to the highest pitch. This incomparable work, without rival among string compositions, for ingenuity and variety of effect, has been three times previously given at these concerts, and never without creating wonder and delight. The superb *allegro* which commences the work is broad and vigorous in the extreme; while the inimitable *scherzo* could have emanated from no composer but him of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The sonata for pianoforte and violin (in G) of Beethoven, too, contains a world of beauty and original thought, which impress more and more at every hearing.

Then the song of Glinka, plaintive in style, like all true Russian music; the two charming *lieder* of Schubert (perfectly sung by Miss Banks, who has already won a place among English singers, which the purity and freshness of her voice, united to unquestioned musicianship, will enable her to maintain); the melodious "Paga fui," by an undeservedly neglected master (Winter), with the quaint "Savoyard's song" of Mendelssohn (both set down for Miss Lascelles, who has a powerful voice); and last, not least, the very pleasing *nocturno* of Paer (for two voices)—Mr. Lindsay Sloper accompanying the vocal pieces—made up the sum total of a programme with which if an audience had remained unmoved it must have been an audience of blocks, and which, if it had not proved attractive, would have proved that there is no attraction in music. Let us wonder no more about the Monday Popular Concerts being a paying speculation. Mr. Arthur Chappell best knows why it is so. I am, Sir, yours,

N.

SIG. SCHIRA has returned to London after visiting the principal towns of Northern Italy. He is engaged, we are informed, upon the libretto of an English Opera for Covent Garden.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Mr. A. Harris's term of management expired on Thursday night. Mr. Lindus, the new lessee, opens on Monday, with *Delicate Grounds*, *Love*, (Sheridan Knowles), and *Perfection*, a somewhat "ancient and fish-like" bill of fare.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—We understand that Mr. Boucicault has not taken this theatre "for a term," but purchased it "out and out."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—At a meeting of the Directors, on the 17th of September, (Sir George Clerk, Bart., chairman,) Mr. John H. Nunn, Penzance, was created an associate.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The four orchestral concerts of this Society are already fixed to take place on Wednesdays, Jan. 28, March 25, April 22, and May 27. There are to be two orchestral trials of new works, on Feb. 25, and Nov. 4, and one (only one), "conversazione" on June 10. The choral practices will proceed as usual, under the direction of Mr. Henry Smart. Mr. Alfred Mellon retains the post of Conductor of the concerts. The annual general meeting of fellows is announced for Feb. 4.

MR. E. LAND'S TOUR.—The "grand touring party" engaged for the autumn months by Mr. Land, including Mad. Gassier, Mdle. Marie Cruvelli, Mr. Swift, Herr Herrmanns, Sig. Bottesini, M. Sinton, Mad. Arabella Goddard, and Mr. Land himself (as conductor), started on Thursday afternoon for Southsea, near Portsmouth, where their first concert was to take place on the same evening. This day they will be heard at Brighton. A company more varied in attraction has rarely been sent out to explore the provinces.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ORCHESTRAL BALANCE OF POWER.

To MR. MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, *Hull*.

SIR,—It is impossible to state definitely the number of D Concert Flutes required to evenly balance the power, or weight of tone, given out by the G Bass Trombone, or how many Violins would be required to exactly counterpoise the weight of tone, thrown out by a number of D Concert Flutes, and G Bass Trombone combined, because it depends, as well on the individual strength of the performer, as on the quality of the Instrument, and on the selection of notes. As for instance, on the Oboi, the lowest notes are the strongest, on the Trombone, the middle ones, and on the Clarionette, the highest, &c., &c. So much however, is certain, that Brass Instruments are stronger in sound than Reed, and Reed are stronger than stringed instruments. In a String Orchestra, the majority will therefore be stringed instruments, and then more Reed than Brass. A proportion of Four Stringed instruments, against Two Reed, and One Brass, would have the majority of stringed instruments, and the double number of Reed, against Brass instruments, as now the G Bass Trombone, would not be selected before Horns, Trumpets, Cornets, and Tenor Trombones, in which case it would be the tenth or twelfth number of the Brass instruments selected, the stringed instruments would then number forty or more, the Reed twenty, with Flute, Oboi, Clarionette, and Bassoon parts doubled. In these combined proportions, one G Bass Trombone would then be against five Flutes, four or five Obois, and twenty Violins, there may be sometimes a little alteration, so long as the difference of combination, is not too much against the natural rule, (which is, less Brass instruments than Reed, and less Reed than stringed instruments) the manner of playing, and the right remarks of an efficient Orchestral Director, will reach the evenly Orchestral balance of power, in many different cases. C. MANDEL, (*Professor of Theory*.)

Kneller Hall, October 14th., 1862.

ADELINA PATTI.

SIR,—Would you please inform me, through your correspondents, where Mlle. Patti was born, also her present age, and whether or not Patti is an assumed name, and oblige yours truly,

Manchester, Oct. 15th.

J. F. M.

[Perhaps Miss Patti may choose to answer these questions herself.—ED.]

STANDARD PITCH.

SIR,—Will you be good enough to give among your notices to correspondents, the number of vibrations agreed upon in standard pitch of C, at the meeting held some time ago in London? If you can add the number of vibrations adopted in Paris you will oblige,

A SUBSCRIBER.

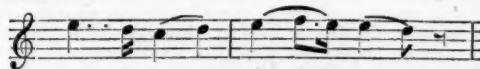
[We were not present at the meeting, which, we believe, led to no results! Our columns are open to any one who may be able and willing to forward the information desired by our correspondent.—ED.]

BEETHOVEN'S OVERTURE in C. Op. 124.

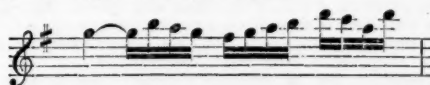
THIS Overture was composed for the inauguration of the Josephstadt Theatre, in Vienna, which took place on the Emperor's name day, the 3rd of October, 1822. Under the engagement to write it, Beethoven spent a day in the preceding summer with Schindler and his adopted nephew Carl, in the Helenen Thal, a beautiful valley of Baden, a few miles from Vienna. It was ever his wont to court inspiration in the seclusion of a country retreat. Ries narrates how he spent an entire day in a wood at Shönbrunn, musing over the last movement of the great F minor Sonata, walking rapidly a serpentine course among the trees, and humming to himself some one or other phrase incidental of the design, and that he came not forth until the composition was completed in his mind; so, on the occasion to which I now refer, he separated himself from his companions, walked alone for some half hour, and when he rejoined them, had noted down two themes in the sketch-book he constantly carried. These he showed to Schindler, saying that one might be effectively worked in his own style, the other in that of Handel; and Schindler advised him to choose the latter for the subject of the Overture he was about to produce, pleasing him especially by this suggestion, since, at the time, Beethoven esteemed Handel above all composers, and he was accordingly well satisfied to have an inducement to emulate his peculiarity of manner. The Overture had small success when it was played, but Schindler still took credit to himself for having been in some degree influential upon its composition, alleging always that its imperfect execution was the cause of its ineffectiveness, and assuring

the composer that the great merit which has since been discovered in it, would be appreciated, when it was made known through a competent performance. The Overture was published, together with the Mass in D and the Choral Symphony, it having been played at the very remarkable concert in 1823, at which these two colossal works were produced; and it was dedicated by Beethoven to Prince Nicholas Galatzin, the Russian nobleman who had commissioned him to write the three Quartets which are inscribed with the name of this dilettante, but the composition of which had been procrastinated, while the composer was engaged on the present Overture and the more extensive works of this important period. It was possibly with the idea of making some reparation to his patron for the delayed fulfilment of his engagement, that Beethoven, wholly unsolicited, associated the Prince's name with the work under consideration. The world owes every acknowledgment to a man who, when critics were disposed to depreciate the merit of the master, had not only the discernment to perceive this, but the independent zeal for art and the liberality to honour it; and we must all think the better of Beethoven, that he, as sensitive to kindness as to injury, anticipated the world's acknowledgment of the true spirit of this amateur, in his voluntary dedication of the present work.

Appropriately to the twofold occasion for which it was composed—the celebration of the imperial fête day, and the opening of a new theatre—the Overture is of an essentially jubilant character. However Beethoven may have aimed at the style of Handel in the design of this work, its plan and its details contain far more that is individual to himself than of what may be regarded as specially characteristic of his model. A few preludial chords introduce a long continuous melody,—



of such definite rhythm, and such broad and emphatic character, that it might well have been adopted for a national hymn, and that it may well be interpreted as an outburst of loyalty, the expression equally of gladness in offering a prayer for the sovereign, and of confidence that this will be granted. The grandeur of this well-marked tune is even increased by the massive orchestration with which the whole is given for a second time; it is now followed by a flourish of trumpets, the greeting as it were of some mighty potentate, whom all that heard it where ready to honour; and this is succeeded by a long passage of constantly increasing power, built upon this phrase—



which leads directly to the principal movement. Thus far the *Maestoso e Sostenuto un poco più Vivace*—and *meno mosso*—which constitute the introduction. The *Allegro con Brio* consists of a very free fugue upon the subjoined somewhat trite, but certainly Handelian, subject and countersubject



which are constantly worked together, sometimes the one above and the other below, as in the quotation, sometimes with their relative position inverted—that is, the one forming a double counterpoint to the other. Pursuant to the idea that the Overture was to be written (according to the suggestion of the subject) after the style of Handel, there is a single bar of *Adagio* immediately preceding the termination of the fugue, according to the frequent practice of the old master; but then, quite remote from the habitual conciseness of his model, Beethoven prolongs this termination into a very extensive Coda, to which—as is the case in more than one movement of the Mass he wrote at the same period as the work before us—the effect of remarkable length is given by the very many complete closes that anticipate the final conclusion.

G. A. MACFARREN. }

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The harp on which the unfortunate Marie Antoinette received lessons, during her imprisonment, from her valet, Fleury, is to be sold. After Fleury's death in Hanover, it became the property of a Mad. Fleur, and afterwards of a family residing in Wolfen büttel.

NAPLES.—Vincent Fiedo, the last of Paesello's pupils, died here lately, aged eighty-five. He continued up to the time of his decease, an active member of the "College of Music."

REMARKS ON THE RENDERING OF THE "SINFONIA EROICA." *

We fancy we need not commence this article by assuring the readers of the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* that, in the following reflections and remarks upon the rendering of the *Sinfonia Eroica*, we shall not refer to those dreamy interpretations in which the aesthetical expounders of this master-piece think themselves at liberty to indulge. Our opinions of such fantastic flights are sufficiently known, and what Beethoven himself thought of them we have frequently been informed by A. Schindler, both in many passages of his *Biography of Beethoven*, and in this paper, namely in No. 2 of the series for 1856, where the energetic protest of the composer against such interpretations, and against the errors resulting from them, is proved by a letter of 1819.†

It may, however, be objected: "That the third symphony has a programme, which Beethoven himself wrote for it; we know, also, that it was, at first, his intention to portray (!) or, at least, glorify the First Consul, Napoleon Bonaparte in the symphony. Consequently, this programme must be taken as the basis of the proper reading and performance of the work."

We have already, on various occasions, stated our views with regard to the Bonaparte-story, and, among other things, shown that it is beyond a doubt that Bernadotte requested Beethoven to contribute some musical work to the glorification of the hero of the age (because Beethoven himself has expressed his feelings on the subject, which he mentioned, moreover, in the letter with which he transmitted the *Missa Solemnis* to the King of Sweden). Bernadotte could have made this request only in the year 1798 (see No. 22, page 171, of the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* for 1861), while the Symphony was not composed till 1804, and not played for the first time till January, 1805. To these dates we merely add that, early as the 16th of May, 1804, Bonaparte was proclaimed by the Senate Emperor, the throne being declared hereditary, and, on the 18th May, the constitution of the Empire was published. In the year 1803 (according to Schindler), Beethoven composed "Christus am Oelberge," three Sonatas with violin, Op. 30; three Sonatas, Op. 31; and fifteen Variations, Op. 35. In the year 1804, the Symphony No. II, in D major, and the Piano-forte Concerto in C minor. In January 1805, the first performance, soon followed by the second, of the *Eroica* took place. And yet it is asserted that the fair copy of the score, with the title page: "Bonaparte. Luigi van Beethoven"—and "not a word more," as F. Ries says—was completed as early as the beginning of June, 1804. This may be possible! But the subjoined assertion "that Beethoven had already thought of handing it to General Bernadotte, to send to Napoleon," is certainly impossible, since Bernadotte had not returned to Vienna since 1798.

To our object, the question is a matter of indifference; if Bonaparte was in the symphony, he was not removed from it by the fact of the title-page—or, to use without doubt, a more correct term, the dedication page, being torn out. We have not to pay attention to Ries's Bonaparte programme, but to Beethoven's programme: "Composed to celebrate the memory (Andenken) of a great man—the 'memory' (*per pestaggi* are *il souvenir*), that is: 'of a hero who was dead,' as is plainly proved by the second movement, the dead march. But the truth is that the anecdote is more acceptable than the original document to the programme—musicians of the present day; they would be only too delighted to stamp the *Eroica*, by the inscription "Bonaparte," as the predecessor of the Symphonies: *Faust*, *Columbus*, *Dante*, etc. The sole question for us is: "Can, or must Beethoven's programme influence the rendering of the Symphony?"

If the idea of the hero was to be set forth by means of music, it would fall into the domains of the Beautiful, because music is an art. It would not, therefore, be expressed by reflection, but only by the composer's fancy, within the limits of music, and by means of the resources the latter offers for the purpose. Beethoven's fancy consequently created for the principal movement, a theme, a musical motive, which, in addition to the first thing required of it, namely, that it shall be beautiful, possesses a certain characteristic something, which may awaken in the hearer, but in no way must necessarily awaken the notion of heroism. It is, however, the triumph of Beethoven's genius, that the purely artistic labour of that genius, namely, the union of

creative fancy, with the conscious employment of musical knowledge, continually forces upon us, with increasing vividness, the idea of the heroic, by means of the principal motives of the first movement, and carries along with it our fancy, because, to the latter for the conception of the purely musically Beautiful, the tendency to the heroic is imparted, by the inscription "*Eroica*." Not only, however, does its object lend this work its purport, but also the musical motives, and their wonderful development. In this, in the development of the leading musical thoughts, there is certainly displayed in Beethoven, more especially, the characteristic, nay, the dramatic quality of his style, for he attains the powerful effect of this development, not by his thematic work, based upon polyphony and counter-point, as is the case with Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, but by repetition, variation, modulation, contrast, expansion, extension, preparation, and gradual elevation of the theme.

But to return to the main question, namely, whether the supposed idea of the "Heroic," ought to exercise an influence upon the execution, this influence can only affect, on the whole, the conception of the first movement (for of this alone are we treating to begin with), that is to say, the tempo, and what is generally adapted for characteristic rendering, so that what is grand may be rendered in a grand and spirited, not a little and affected, a sleepy, or sentimental manner. But even this is greatly modified by expression of details, otherwise, for instance, everything in the first movement, would have to be played strongly and vigorously, and everything in the Dead March sadly and sorrowfully.

(To be continued.)

HANDEL IN 1718—1728.

FOUNDATION OF THE OPERA IN LONDON.

(Continued from Page 645.)

A kind of serious opera, with comic passages, had been popular long before the establishment of the London academy, especially in Vienna; all Handel's Italian operas, written before 1720, belong to this style. But the taste for this style was nowhere so decided as in England, and a separate development of serious and comic opera was generally foreseen. The preference of English amateurs for such operas is easily understood. England had not invented the opera, like Italy, or framed its dramatic form, like France, or busied herself with its public production, like Germany; she had accepted, admired, and enjoyed it, when fully prepared, in foreign lands, and then made arrangements to render the same enjoyment a permanent one at home. This enjoyment, as one purely musical, depended solely on the worth of the composition, and on the production of the moment; and we see that in London a value is placed on composition and the art of singing greater than is to be found in other theatres. Even Italy, although she has pursued these two objects, composition and song, to a degenerate excess, never judged opera from the same point of view as dramatic concert music, from which point, as unprejudiced enquiry will convince us, progress towards a better operatic form becomes impossible. Even in degeneracy, the Italians have striven for dramatic progress.

With these views understood, the musical forces of the academy were intelligently enough selected. On account of their own effeminate natures, neither Bononcini or Ariosti were good musical representatives of the musically dramatic and comic elements of their countrymen; and, contradictory as the assertion may appear, Handel, on account of his great force, was the very one necessary as the representative of the lyric direction of taste in London, a direction that was of so immensely important an influence on his artistic creative powers. In him the strength and importance of this direction were apparent, but in his rivals its weakness only could be perceived. But, in order to understand the distinction between the real Italy and Italian London, we will glance at Scarlatti's operas. The gushing richness of melody, the fullness of forms, mostly of small dimensions, and well and dramatically drawn, the striking character, and natural flow of all his tone pictures, scarcely appears to have been that, which, in spite of the great admiration for this rare and esteemed master, created an absolute desire to imitate him. His almost unrivalled comic vein, without which Scarlatti ceases to be himself, and which, even in his latest operas, remained as fresh as with Keiser, had to be entirely thrown aside, on account of the limitations of the opera seria. Scarlatti's operas would have become even more popular than they were in England, for, in truly excellent composition they very far exceeded all works extant, or that it was in the power of living Italians to write; but Handel was there to fill Scarlatti's place in such a man-

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*. Translated for the *Musical World* by J. V. Bridgeman.

† This letter was dictated to Schindler by Beethoven, in the autumn of 1819, at Müdling, near Vienna, and addressed to Dr. Christian Müller, at Bremen. We repeat the request made by us, on the occasion in question, to Sherran Rheinthal, Pelzer, Schmidt, Engel, etc., of Bremen, for information as to what has become of the papers left by Dr. Müller, amongst which there must have been several letters from Beethoven, since Müller visited him in Vienna, and they corresponded with each other for a considerable period.

ner, that the works of the latter were in danger of being forgotten. None of Scarlatti's most devoted pupils more studied and copied him than Handel, who had yet been little with him; and none better understood how to improve on his often imperfect forms. He comprehended the value of the essentially musical points; he excelled in the pathetic, the full expression of all deep emotions of the mind, the purely impassioned and noble, he attained a freer and richer formation of the instrumental subject; and all these excellences, being of the highest importance to the academy, rendered Scarlatti's compositions almost unnecessary. Handel's striking themes—I will not say, his operas altogether—held the same relation to those of Scarlatti, as the perfect fruit in its proper season holds to that which ripens too early, and is not fully grown. And this comparison becomes more faithful, on account of their resemblance in form, which without direct imitation, extends to the smallest and most isolated particulars. It would be difficult to find, in the whole range of operatic composition, two masters who stand so near each other, in spite of their distinct individuality, as Scarlatti and Handel; and, if we would judge them with a complete absence of prejudice, while giving the prize to our Handel, we must allow to his great predecessor the merit of more originality. The more we compare Handel's works with those of his predecessors and older contemporaries, the more we become convinced, that with all his remarkable artistic superiority, he was never morbidly desirous of originality, but firmly resolved to cling to old forms, and so to mould them according to his wants, as to convey, as fully as possible, the ideal of the beautiful. What he had to say, he was able to say in those forms which had been already made use of by others, before and with him. His creations are more distinguished by an inward working towards which is characteristic, beautiful, and ideally free, than by an outward augmentation of musical material; but by this inward manner of working, he greatly augmented his musical resources. In this way, his songs, of their kind, excelled everything that had preceded them, while his style of composing them, rendered it impossible that they should ever be in turn excelled. Such a perfection of the musical theme, the first thing in dramatic solo song, was all the more unexpected, since, according to the old, slow mode of development, and so soon after Scarlatti, and near Bononcini, it appeared improbable. But it is a peculiarity of every feat of genius, that it steps at once into the light, as soon as the necessary previous conditions are fulfilled. And, in Handel's case, these conditions were already in existence.

The fact that Handel, a foreigner, obtained such success in Italian opera, of course excited great surprise, and, also of course, opposition, in certain quarters. These eight years of Italian opera, from 1720 to 1728, were essentially his, not only in London, but over all Europe; but all earthly means were brought into requisition to overcloud his merit, and his opponents did not acknowledge this, until universal approbation forced them to it. The blame of his contemporaries has enabled us to measure their narrow admiration of a lower grade of art than his; while their praise is re-echoed by posterity after every renewed artistic discussion. Handel, was probably indifferent to reckless criticism, for we can nowhere find that he endeavored to conciliate it in any way. He gave no other answer, save that the Best penetrated his art as ever; and he only showed himself indignant, when every bad influence of the day united to render this a difficult task to him. But this first happened at a later period. The years we are now describing, fully deserved the epithet we have given them, "golden days," for they ended cheerfully, honorably, and victoriously to Handel.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSIC AND DANCING LICENSES.

(Middlesex Sessions, Oct. 10.)

The Court sat at Clerkenwell, Mr. Pownall presiding.

The license to the Nag's Head, Oxford-street, applied for by Henry Saunders Lamb; was refused. The license to Weston's Music-hall, Holborn, was renewed, *nem. con.*, as a matter of course. An application was made for the transfer of a license from Frederick Frampton to Jhan Kranchy for the Lord Nelson Music-hall, Duke's-row, by St. Pancras Church. Mr. Healey, a local magistrate, opposed on the ground that no spirit license was granted in the name of Kranchy. The house had been transferred to Kranchy, but there was some difficulty with respect to the completion of arrangements. Mr. Kranchy had, it was said, expended a good deal of money, in addition to the purchase money, for

improvements, but at present was not in actual possession of the spirit license. License refused. A license was granted to the Irish Harp, at Hendon.

Alhambra.—In this case Mr. William Wilde, jun., applied for a license, and was opposed on the part of the authorities of St. Martin in the Fields. The opposition was withdrawn on the understanding that the establishment was not to be turned into a casino,—dancing to be excluded, and the license for music was granted *nem. con.*

Star and Garter, Green-street Leicester-square.—Mr. Cooper applied in this case on behalf of James Woods. Mr. Metcalf opposed on behalf of the parish authorities. It was stated that the divisional magistrates had been set at defiance, and that the place was a noted resort of bad characters, thieves, and prostitutes. The learned counsel said it was quite time such assemblages were put a stop to. License refused.

Adelaide Gallery.—Agostino Gatti and Giacomo Monico, as a transfer from John Burns Bryson applied for a license for this place. Mr. Sleigh supported; Mr. Metcalf opposed for the parish. It was represented that the premises were so near to St. Martin's Church that the privilege of the license would cause great annoyance to persons leaving Divine worship on Sunday evenings, when the place was kept open for public admission. Mr. Sleigh said there would be no music on Sundays, and no application would ever be made either for a spirit, wine, or beer license; the refreshments served were tea, coffee, ices, &c. Mr. Sleigh wanted to know if it were not better to license such a place than a public-house. Inspector Makenzie said the attention of the police had been directed to this establishment, and it had been frequented by boys and girls. License refused.

A license to the Oxford Gallery was refused. Mr. Cooper supported. A license was also refused for the proposed Strand Music-Hall, Exeter-change, the building not being completed. Mr. Warton opposed; Mr. Sleigh supported.

Sir Hugh Myddelton, Clerkenwell.—In this case the license had been refused *pro forma* on Thursday, on the complaint of a magistrate that free admission tickets had been distributed among servant girls for this establishment. The explanation given by Mr. Deacon was that a gentleman or some gentlemen had written to him for orders to visit and see his music-hall, and that without his knowledge, much less his concurrence, they had got by some means into the hands of persons for whom they were never in any wise intended. For the future a rigid regulation would be carried out as to these free admissions, and it was urged forcibly upon the Court by Mr. Sleigh, who appeared as counsel for Mr. Deacon, that no one, either of the police or general public, had had the least cause of complaint as to the way in which the Music-hall had been conducted since Mr. Deacon opened it; on the other hand, it had achieved as high a character as any similar place of entertainment, and there was not the least ground for supposing that Mr. Deacon would lend himself to what had been imputed. After some discussion the question was put, and the vote of refusal was rescinded, and the license granted.

Cyder Cellars.—John Hart applied for the renewal of a license, and the point which the Court had to decide upon involved the fate of several other applications. In the case of the Cyder Cellars it was admitted that songs of an obscene character had been permitted to be sung, but it was urged, on Mr. Hart's behalf, that it was by persons over whom he had no control, as they had contracted with him for the place, and, although his spirit license was refused in April, he could not get rid of them until the 14th of August, and they had brought actions against him. On the refusal of his spirit license he went to the Commissioners of Excise, and, on the credit of his having a music license they were empowered by an Act of Parliament to grant a license of permission for him to continue the sale of spirits, although the Petty Sessional Justices had taken it from him. Mr. Sleigh, admitting that what Mr. Hart had done amounted almost to contempt of the Licensing Justices, contended that in getting the Excise license he had only done what others had done and what was authorized by an Act of Parliament. How could he be blamed for doing that which an Act of the Legislature said he had a right to do? The Assistant-Judge said that, apart from the legal point, he could say from what had come before him, that this place, from what it was notorious had been going on there, was a perfect disgrace to civilized society. The Chairman said it was never intended that a music license should be made the pretext for procuring a spirit license from the Excise when the Licensing Justices had refused it. License unanimously refused, several others on the same ground. Some withdrawn.

TESTIMONIAL TO DR. CHIPP.—A handsome testimonial has been presented to Dr. Edmund T. Chipp, upon the occasion of his leaving Trinity Church, Paddington, of which he was the organist. In our next, we purpose giving full particulars.

PARIS.—M. Réty has resigned the management of the Théâtre, Lyrique.

ETA DEI PIU' CELEBRI AUTORI INGLESI.*

[We commend the subjoined to the special notice of our literary readers. Ed. M. W.]

Il Nestore dei viventi scrittori inglesi è Walter Savage Landor, il poeta classico e liberale, l'autore delle *Conversazioni immaginarie*, di *Zebir*, *Giovanna di Napoli*, ecc., dimorante in una sua bella villa presso Firenze, il quale annovera già 87 anni, mentre il più giovine degli autori inglesi, Giacomo Haneos, poco noto fuori d'Inghilterra, ne ha appena 35. Tra questi due estremi, schieransi cronologicamente i seguenti scrittori:

Matteo Arnold, poeta classico, autore d'*Empedocle sull'Etna*, ecc. 40 anni; Kingsley, famoso romanziere, autore d'*Ipazia* (il più bel romanzo moderno al dire di Bunsen) *Atton Loche Yeast*, ecc., 43 anni; il capitano Mayne Reid, celebre in Europa pe' suoi romanzi d'avventure, 43 anni; G. H. Lewes, autore della migliore biografia di Goethe e di un *Dizionario biografico filosofico*, 45 anni; Tom Taylor, poeta drammatico, 45 anni; Carlo Shirley Brooks, poeta drammatico anch'egli, 47 anni; Guglielmo Stoward Russell, il rinomato corrispondente del *Times*, di cui il nome è divenuto popolare per le sue belle relazioni della guerra di Crimea e dell'insurrezione delle Indie, 48 anni; Aytoun, poeta di grido ed autore, fra le altre cose, di bellissime ballate scozzesi, 49 anni; Roberto Browning, il più in voga dopo Tennyson de' poeti inglesi, 50 anni; Carlo Mackay, autore popolare del *Gran libro di Londra* e della *libera int America* e di applaudite poesie, 50 anni; Carlo Dickens, il gran romanziere, 50 anni; il suo rivale e forse più grande romanziere, Thackeray, che fondò ultimamente una rivista umoristica, *Cornell's magazine*, la quale toccò nel secondo fascicolo la cifra favolosa di 100,000 abbonati, 59 anni; Alfredo Tennyson, il poeta laureatus, l'autore di deliziose poesie, 52 anni; Marco Lemon, 52 anni; M. Milnes, autore di due volumi di belle poesie, 52 anni; Guglielmo Ewart Gladstone, ministro attuale delle finanze, celebre come scrittore e come statista, 53 anni; Carlo Lever, romanziere valente, autore dello stupendo romanzo *Harry Lorrequer* ed altri romanzi irlandesi umoristici, 56; Beniamino Disraeli, già ministro, tory, uomo di Stato ed autore di *Coningsby Sibilla* o *Le due nazioni*, *Tancredi* ed altri famosi romanzi politici, 57 anni; Harrison Ainsworth, autore di romanzi storici e di genere, fra i quali *Giacomo Sheppard*, *La torre di Londra*, *Il Castello di Windsor*, 57 anni; Edoardo Bulwer Lytton, romanziere di fama mondiale, 59 anni; Barry Cornwall, autore di poesie liriche e romantiche, 63 anni; Samuele Lorer, poeta, musicante e romanziere irlandese, autore delle *Leggende e delle Storie d'Irlanda*, 64 anni; G. R. Gleig, uno de' più fecondi e moltiformi scrittori inglesi, 67 anni; Tommaso Carlyle, il grande storico e filosofo, autore del *Passato e presente*, del *Culto degli eroi*, dell'*Istoria della rivoluzione francese* e di *Federico il Grande*, 67 anni; Guglielmo Howitt, marito della celebre attrice Maria Howitt, ed autore del *Libro delle stagioni*, ecc., 67 anni; sir John Bowring, governatore d'Hong-Kong, filologo, poeta, scrittore politico e traduttore, 70 anni; H. H. Milman, teologo e poeta, autore della *Caduta di Gerusalemme*, d'*Anna Bolena*, dell'*Istoria degli eroi*, 71 anni; Payne Collier, il gran critico di Shakespeare, accusato ultimamente a torto da Hamilton di aver falsificato documenti riguardanti il sommo tragico, 73 anni; l'infaticabile Lord Brough, autore di tante opere politiche, 84 anni. G. S.

Mdlle. PATTI has been engaged by Signor Merelli, director of the Karl Theatre, Vienna, for thirty performances between the 24th of February and the 24th of April. After the first fifteen performances Mdlle. Trebelli will arrive, and will appear on alternate nights with Mdlle. Patti. Thus the subscribers to the Viennese Opera will have the opportunity of hearing two of the most charming singers of the day at one and the same establishment—which makes all the difference to them between a single and double subscription. The principal tenor at M. Merelli's theatre will be Signor Giuglini; the principal baritone M. Faure. It is said that for the two months Mdlle. Patti is to receive £2000. Before proceeding to Vienna Mdlle. Patti has a three months' engagement to fulfil at the Italian Opera of Paris, where she makes her *début* in the second week of November.

* From the *Il Pirata Giornale Letterario Artistico Teatrale*, Oct. 11, 1862.

SIGNOR VERDI has once more gone north-east (if the author of *A Journey Due North* will allow us to say so) and is now superintending the rehearsals of his new opera, *La Forza del Destino*, at St. Petersburg. It may be remembered that the production of this work was prevented last year by the illness of Mdlle. Lagrua, the much-admired and rather overrated *prima donna* of the great northern capital, for whom the *soprano* part was specially written. It appears now that, although Mdlle. Lagrua has recovered, the part originally destined for her is to be given to another singer—a Mdlle. Barbet, of whom we now hear for the first time. It will be well for operatic interests in general if Mdlle. Barbet achieves a great success, for there is a great want just now of "robust" sopranos capable of performing such parts as Lucrezia and Norma with effect. There is Mdlle. Titien, to be sure; but Mdlle. Titien is unable to sing at two theatres at the same time; and, as Mr. Gye cannot succeed in engaging her for the Royal Italian Opera, the Royal Italian Opera is obliged to intrust the parts that were formerly played by Grist to vocalists of an inferior order.

MADME. PENCO.—Mdlle. Penco is said to be a greater favorite in Paris than in London. This we can readily believe, for in London, in spite of her talent, which is undeniable, she has never achieved any striking success. The fact is, good singing alone will never insure the popularity of a vocalist with an English audience. She must also possess a certain amount of genius, and, above all, a certain "charm," which, being indescribable, we will not attempt to describe. Mdlle. Piccolomini was certainly endowed with genius, and it is still more certain that she interested and delighted the public by something in her manner that pleased them quite irrespectively of her singing, which in itself was by no means excellent. Mdlle. Penco sings well, but happens not to possess the art of enlisting the sympathy of the audience—the art (if it be not a gift) of pleasing. Her singing, compared with Mdlle. Piccolomini's, is what good prose is to brilliant, flashy poetry; compared with Mdlle. Patti's, what good prose is to poetry of the most beautiful kind.—*Illustrated Times*.

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